To the Reader.

in your perusall you shall finde them Seren, *cleere and elegantly plaine, such gentle straines as shall recreate and not perplexe your braine, no intricate or cloudy stuffe to puzzell intellect, but perfect eloquence; such as will raise your admiration to his praise: this assurance I know will not differ from your acknowledgement. And certaine I am, my opinion will be seconded by the sufficiency of these ensuing Lines; I have beene somewhat solicitus to bring this forth to the perfect view of all men; and in so doing, glad to be serviceable for the continuance of glory to the deserved Author in these his Poems.*

I. B.

Vpon Master WIL
SHAKESPEARE,
Deceased Authour, and
POEMS.

POets are borne not made, when I would
This truth, the glad remembrance I m
Of never dying *Shakespeare*, who alone
Is argument enough to make that one.
First, that he was a Poet none would doubt,
That heard th'applause of what he sees set out
Imprinted; where thou hast (I will not say)
Reader his Workes for to contrive a Play:
To him twas none) the patterne of all wit,
Art without Art unparaleld as yet.
Next Nature onely helpt him, for looke thor
This whole Booke, thou shalt find he doth no
One phrase from Greekes, nor Latines imitat
Nor once from vulgar Languages Translate,
Nor Plagiari-like from others gleane,
Nor begges he from each witty friend a Scene
To peece his Acts with, all that he doth write

POEMS *William Shakespeare* LONDON, 1640 THE WARNOCK LIBRARY Octavo